Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

Henry Shearer, of Steamboat, was in town last week.

Holman and Merrill Peter are visiting friends in Josephine County. J. Nunan has returned home after a stay of two weeks at Wagner soda

springs. Miss Monta Maegly, of Portland, is visiting relatives and friends in Jacksonville.

Mrs. H. D. Kubli has returned from an extended visit with friends in Portland.

C. C. Pursel and Prof. Barnhar t, of Star Gulob, were at the county cent last week.

Mrs. Wm. Schley, of Portland, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John O'Brien, on Applegate.

Mrs. W. L. Miller has returned from a visit to her parents and friends at Oregon City.

Joe Murphy and S. R. Weiser are up on Little Applegate on a hunting and fishing expedition. The Bievenue brothers have re-

turned to Niagara, where they have employment in a saw mill. R. L. Parker, B. F. Edmonson and M. E. Merle were at the county

seat Saturday on land matters.

District Attorney A. E. Reames is in Portland on business in connection with the U.S. district court. The game law is now inoperative,

and it is lawful to kill deer-if you

can find them and are a good s hot. Tom Reed and Geo. Black have gone to Happy Camp, Calif. Mr. Reed expects to locate there and go into business.

Mrs. S. R. Reeves, lately of Hotel Nash, Medford, and Mrs. J. E. Brooke, of Portland, are sojourning in Jacksonville.

Mrs. Peter, deputy county clerk, left for Portland ou Monday evening's train for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Moore.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson are attending the Chautauqua at Ashland, as are also Judge Day and his daughter, Mrs. Mamie Dox

The Jackson ville people who have been attending the Chautauqua at Ashland, say the present is the most successful session ever hell

S H. Graydon, a photographer has opened a gallery in Jackson-vilie and appears to be doing a good business. His pictures are up-to-date.

Geo. Howard and family, of Medford, are stopping with Mrs. Howard's mother, Mrs. Raton, where Mrs. Howard is reported as being very ill.

School Superintendent P. Daily has moved his family to Jacksonville, where he will reside during his term of office, which will

be four years. Mrs. G. Karewski, who was badly hurt while getting out of a cart a short time since, is still confined to her bed, with little apparent improvement in her condition.

Miss Frankie Barnes, who has been employed as one of the teach ers in the Jacksonville public school for the ensuing year, has gone on a visit with friends in California.

Frank Ennis, of Calif, who is on his annual summer outing in South-ern Oregon, accompanied by Hon. Theo, Cameron, has gone to Galice creek to visit friends and hunt and fish.

D. S. K. Buick, of Roseburg, a former resident of this county, and who was appointed minister to Sonneville, Germany, by Ex-President Harrison, was in Jacksonville last

Jas. Wyatt, of Gold Hill, a boy of 17, was brought to Jacksonville Saturday, charged with insanity. He was examined before Judge Prim by Dr. De Bar, and pronounced Wyatt has shown decided insane. homicidal tendencies and was considered dangerous. He has at-tempted several times to kill his mother. Later reports from Gold Hill say the boy is not crazy, but weakminded. He was taken be-low by D. Richards and J. C. Whipp.

Miss Lillie Taylor, who has been visiting with friends in Portland the past month, will return home with

Don't Stop

taking Scott's Emulsion be-cause it's warm weather. Keep taking it until you are

It will heal your lungs and give you rich blood in summer as in winter. It's cod liver oil made easy. 80c. and \$ 1. All drugs

her brother, M. M. Taylor, at the close of the session of the Workman grand lodge.

Mrs. Chappell, who has been at Central Point for some time, has returned to Jacksonville.

Mrs. H. E. Ankeny and family have returned from Eugene and will spend the summer months at the Sterling mine.

J. C. Whipp, M. M. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Colvig and little son, Donald, are at Salem in

Prof. Horton and his father, who went on a pleasure trip to the coast, returned home last Saturday. They report having had a delightful time They expect to take a trip to Crater lake during the month of August.

J. O. Watson, of Portland, came out last week to spend the summer in Southern Oregon. He, in com-pany with John Orth and another party, has gone on a trip to Crater lake and Ft. Klamath for an extended outing.

Bernice Armstrong, oldest daugh-ter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Armstrong, died at the home of her parents, near Jacksonville, Monday, July 16, 1900, of typhoid fever, aged about 12 years. The little girl had been sick about 30 days before the final summons came. She was an exceptionally pleasant and dutiful child, and everything was done for her that loving hearts and willing hands could do. The remains were buried in Jacksonville cemetery, Tuesday at 4 o'clock.

The monument to mark the last resting place of the late Jane Mc Cully, now in course of construction at the Whipp marble works, will be the bandsomest piece of work of the kind in Southern Oregon. It is of Italian marble, ten feet three inches high, massive, and executed in a style which would do credit to the most delicate and expert artist. It is a fitting finale to the memory of a noble pioneer whose open and free handed charity has relieved the hunger of many a poor and dis-hearted man who sought alms at her door. It pays in the memory of men to live a useful and honorable life.

J. S. Howard, Ivan Humason, C. H. Markham and Prof. E. E. Smith came up from Gold Hili Wednesday morning to take a look over the old historic town, and Howard, Smith and Markham went up to see the McWilliams & Casey property on Jackson creek. Prof. Smith, who represents the Crown Gold Mining Co., of San Francisco, has invested in mining property near Willow springs, and will put up a dry process plant near the old Centennial diggings. The construction of the plant will be commenced at once and is expected to cost about \$20,-000. It will be in operation this fall. It is said that many tests below have proven its entire practicability, and it is believed the process can be worked here to great advantage in sections where water is not available. Mr. Humason who has been building a fine custom quartz mill at Gold Hill, says it is practically completed and will be ready for operation at any time From reports, the mill is complete in all its appointments with all the latest and most approved gold saving devices and will be operated only by experts thoroughly skilled in the quartz industry and manage-ment of quartz mills. C. H. Markham, of Portland, who was in the party, is the general passenger agent for the Southern Pacific Rail road Company.

Central Point Items.

Dr. Hinkle made Grants Pass business trip last week.

E. L. Moore made Grants Pass a business trip last week.

J. B. Olwell is spending a days at Corvallis this week

Born-July 13, 1900, to Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Gunn, a daughter. Prof. N. A. Jacobs, of Medford visited relatives here last week.

Miss Julia Fielder left for Colestin Thursday to spend a few weeks.

Miss Clara Perry, of Klamath County, is visiting friends here. Mr. and Mrs. I C. Robnett at-

tended church at Medford Sunday. Mrs. Nancy Thompson made friends in Medford a visit last week. Mrs. John Slagle, of Willow springs, spent Tuesday with friends

Jesse Wright made his sister, Mrs. John Hefling, of Merlin, a

visit last week.

Nellie Leever McInery has commenced proceedings for a divorce from T. J. McInery.

E. Pleasants and son, Glenn, left for Dead Indian springs Monday to spend the summer.

Mrs. Wm. Schley, of Portland, has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. L. C. Rodenberger, of this city.

Mrs. Warren Mee, of Grants Pass, who has been visiting relatives here, returned home Saturday.

W. J. Olwell, of Davenport, Wash, who has been visiting his parents here, returned home Satur-

Elder Buchanan and wife, of Roseburg, who have been visiting friends at this place, returned home last week.

Jay Davis, who has been em-ployed at Mee Bros. sawmill at Grants Pass, spent a day with his family here this week.

The school board has elected the attendance on the grand lodge, A. following teachers for the ensuing O. U. W., which convened at the year: Principal, Prof. L. A. Stocking; assistants, G. S. Samuels, Especial Prof. Horton and his father, who

> BATTLE OF THE NUMBRALS. Mathematical Worries That Have Arison with the

Now Your.

The advent of the year 1900 has brought other mathematical worries than that regarding the relation it bears to the twentieth century. There is for instance a difference of opinion as to how the numeral signifying the year shall be written. Several ways of arranging the Roman numerals are possible, and the battle of the M's and C's and D's may be said to be now fairly on. As a matter of fact the Roman numeral has fallen largely out of use during the century just closing, and is now to be found chiefly in formal documents and occasionally on the title pages of books. The modern mind is too thoroughly accustomed to the more easily written and understood Arabic numerals to pause to figure out intricate problems in the Romans. The year 1900 may be regarded as 400 years after the year 1500, or 100 years short of the year 2000. Much depends upon the point of view. If the year 1500 is taken as the base of calculation, that being the least multiple of 500, the present year may be written MDCCCC, meaning 1,000 years, 500 years and 400 years, a total of 1900. Or, somewhat on the same basis it may be written MDCD, which means 1,000, 500 and a hundred less five hundred. This, however, is an awkward method, and might confuse 2000 as a basis two ways are possible, MCM, meaning 1,000 and a hundred less another thousand, or CMM, meaning a hundred less than 2,000. Of these two the weight of reason and usage lies it is proper always to express the largest possible established number, and to resort to subtraction only in case of the smallest possible numeral to produce exact definition. Should the principle of positive expression be regarded throughout, the symbol MDCCCC would stand as the correct numeral for the year, for it involves no subtraction whatever. At the same time it is true that the symbol for 9 is always arranged upon the basis of subtraction, thus, IX Upon the basis of subtraction, thus, IX.

Upon this principle, which is carried through the multiples, the proper symbol for 1900 would be similarly subtractive, or MCM. And so MCM is finding many advocates, and it may prove that for a hundred years the world will be divided into two rival camps, those who persist in writing MDCCCC and those who maintain that MCM alone is proper. It is a relief to reflect that with the year 2000 the controversy will cease, for there is no dispute over the double M .- Washington Star.



Does this illustrate your experience? And are you worried for

are soon to be bald? Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.

You food such



It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases. It always restores

color to gray hair. You need not look at thirty as if you were fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth.

"I am a barber by trade and have had a great deal to do with your Hair Vigor. I have found that it will do everything that you claim for it. It has given me the most complete satisfaction in my busi-ness." HENNY J. GROGG, March 22, 1899. Kansas City, Mo.

Write the Declor.

"Good Counsel

Has No Price."

Wise advice is the result of experience. The hundreds of thousands who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, counsel those who would purify and enrich the blood to avail themselves of its virtues. He is tuise who profits by this good advice.

Hood's Sarsaparalla Never Disappoints

MARRIAGE BY FORCE

Queer Custom of Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuega.

- Make Them Verifa-

Dr. Frederick A. Cook tells of a little known race of aborigines in an article in the Century Magazine on "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego," whom he visited on the Belgian Antarctic expedition. Of their marriage customs he

Marriage, like almost everything One, is not fixed by established rules. It is arranged and rearranged from time to time to suit the convenience of the contracting parties. Women generally have very little to say about it. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the prin-cipal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accustomed women from neighboring tribes, and from neighboring clans of their own tribe. The Omas, being far the most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a lib-eral supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for 30 years has given it as his opinion that a plurality of wives is entirely satisfactory to their culiar emotions and habits of life.

The relation to one another of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wigwam is of novel interest. As a rule, they are no more jealous than are the children in a civilized home circle. The prineral wives are often sisters. A young man takes by force, by mutual agree-ment, or by barter, the oldest daughter of a family. If he proves himself a good hunter and a kind husband, the wife persuades her sister to join her wigwam and share her husband's affections. Frequently, when a girl is left an orphan, she is taken into a family and trained to become the supplementary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the hut each wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her belongings about her. The wealth of the household is not common to all the occupants. Each woman has her own basket of meet fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews and bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of

children. The work of the man is strictly limited to the chase. He carries his bow and quiver of arrows, and his eye is ever on the horizon for game; but he eldom stoops to anything like manual labor that is not connected with the actual necessities of the chase. He kills the game, but the wife must carry it into camp. In moving, the women take up all of their earthly possessions, pack them into a huge roll, and with this firmly strapped across their backs they follow the unencumbered lead of their brave but ungallant hus-bands. Thus the women carry, day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. women certainly have all the uninter-esting details and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They will fight fiercely to protect their homes, and they will guard the honor of their women with their own blood. It is a crying sir of the advance of Christian civilization that this red man of the far south should be compelled to lay down his life at the feet of the heartless palefaced invaders to shield the honor of his home.

A Vulture as a Trick Bird.

To teach a big black vulture as many tricks as a poodle has been the diver-sion of an English collector of uncanny pets. This monster bird, which has a fine sense of humor, will execute at the word of command an uncouth dance, using its huge wings to sup-plement the motions of its feet—now trailing them on the ground, now covdiapping them lugubriously. But the vulture's most engaging accomplishment is to beg for food. When he desires a choice shinbone he scorns to perform the undignified antics of a perform the undignified antics of a poodle, but prostrates himself with true oriental humility, drooping in every quill and resting the top of his baid head on the ground. This self-phasement is so complete that it has a nobility all its own. The bird's mas-ter is greatly attached to it, among other reasons because the great lon-cavity of its appeales suggests the gevity of its species suggests the thought that it may have taken part in the great migration inspired by the mortality among Russian Norses at Sebastopol. Moreover, it is a relative of the condor of the Andes, largest of all birds .- N. Y. World.

In the North Land.

When poverty comes in at the door of an Eakimo cottage love doesn't fly out at the window-because it is winout at the windowdowless.-Chicago Dally News.

THE PRIVATE.

They call his title private—
He reached no higher grade,
But waited for his orders
And olded when he obeyed.
No pen may write his story,
No chiest carve his name,
No moutured rise o'er him,
No multitude acclaim.

For he was but a private,
And served another's fame,
And, dying, gave his country
A never-dying name.
He gave to order's progress
The life 'twis his to give,
And in his country's annals,
Though nameless, he shall live.

He fought as but a private-Without promotion he—
To carry freedom's banner
Beyond the rolling sea;
That purpose might not faiter,
That peace might have her reign
and justice work with honer
For man's eternal gain.

He fought and died a private,
And never held the sword;
Renown did not come nigh him,
His hand holds no reward.
He wrought to give the lawless
The hope of righteous laws,
Nor vengeance marred his valor,
Nor malice cursed his cause.

They called his title private— He sleeps in sleeps He sleeps in glory's bed, And where he fell advancing Now other private's tread; Nor eulogy nor marble. Can honor such as they, Who answers duty's summons And die when they obey. Frederick C. Spaiding, in Chicago Inter

CHORORORORORORORO After Ten Years Enunununununununun

O NCE upon a time there was a young man and his front name was Charles.

At about the same time there was s young woman and her front name was Nettle.

Charles was a very nice young man and Nettle was a very nice young lady. They lived near each other, and naturcompany.

The fact is that Charles fell in love with Nettle, and the affection ripened as the days went by. This being a true story, it is necessary to admit that Net-tie fell in love with Charles, and that the affection ripened as the days went

Charles grew to a man's estate and raised whiskers and began to think of marrying. Nettie grew to a woman's catate and joined a woman's club and

began to think of marrying.

By and by there came an evening.

The sun had set according to its regular schedule. The soft breezes were kissing the landscape and the moon-light was kissing the wavelets on the lakelet, and Charles was kissing Net-

After that evening Charles began to wear a smile and an abstracted look, and Nettle began to wear a little ring.

By and by there came another day. The sun rose according to schedule and poured out its usual flood of mellow ra-

diance upon a happy world.

In a cottage which was properly vine-clad there gathered a little company of relatives and friends, and also Charles and Nettle, and the air was heavy with the odor of roses, and Charles decked out in a brand new Prince Al-bert coat, while Nettle was sweetly. simply beautiful in the regulation bride-white gown. The preacher took his place in front of the bay window. Cousin Jennie pounded out a Men-delssohn wedding march, while Charles and Nettie marched from the side bed-room to the front parlor and took their places as they had rehearsed for weeks It was all over in a moment and they were one. And they were both very happy, and everybody got a piece of the wedding cake and kissed the bride, and the bride cried a little, and Charles said anyone that wouldn't get married was a chump, and so the whole thing

was a chump, and so the whole thing passed off very pleasantly.

All this happened ten years ago. On their wedding journey Charles told Nettle that he was only a poor young man, with a name and fame yet to make, but with the inspiring companionship of the noblest woman on the face of the earth he would win fame and honor and riches. He told her that he could not now deck her in purple and fine linen, or take her to Niagara falls, but to watch him as the years should speed by and see how his tire-less efforts should be rewarded, and how they would rejoice in luxuries hon estly earned.
"When we have been married ten

years," he said, "we will lay aside all our business and household cares and take our yacht and make a trip around the world. We will call our yacht the 'Nettie,' and she shall be as beautiful and fair to look upon as is her charm-

ing mistress."

And Nettle snuggled up a little closer and whispered: "That will be so lovey, Charles." It would have been lovely, too.

There came still another day, and its consequent evening. The clouds were lowering in the western sky and the aspect was as threatening as aspects usually get at the close of a still, hot day in midsummer. The front porch of a semi-suburban flat was occupied by a family consisting of a bewhiskered man, a mother-hubbarded woman and two chubby little girls. Trolley cars were whizzing merrily along the street below and all the other time-honored accompaniments of a quiet evening were present in proper proportions.

Charles, for it was indeed he, was sit-

ting with his feet upon the porch rail-ing and smoking a large, dark-colored pipe. Nottie, for it was indeed shu, sat with folded arms, and gazing wist-fully into the stilly night. The two little girls were busy on the floor with their box of water-color points. Presently little Elsie came to her mother and exhibited the picture she had been painting. It was a picture of a ship-a generous-sized blue ship, with a yellow mast and purple sail, the whole floating more or less gracefully upon a

dark green ocean. Her mother looked carefully at the picture, amiled and said: "That's very nice, my dear; bring mamma the pencil." Then taking the pencil she marked slowly uses. pencil she marked slowly upon the side-of the ship the word:

NETTIE.

..... "Now show papa the picture, Elsie," she said.

Little Elsie went over to her father and showed him the work of art. Charles looked at it earnestly a moment, and then a light broke over his countenance. Reminiscences seemed to be chasing each other across his face.

"Nettie!"

"Do you know what day it is?"
"Indeed I do, dear. It was ten years ago to-day that we were married."

ago to-day that we were married."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe.
Charles rose, stretched his arms and
looked first at Nettie and then from one
to the other of the little girls, and then
back at Nettie. "Ten years is a long
time, Nettie," he said.

"Not so very long, either," said Nettie, and she looked at Charles and theafrom one to the other of the little girls
and then back to Charles and may be

and then back to Charles, and may be there was a bit of a toar in her eye. "Girls, this is your pape's and mam-ma's wedding anniversary, and a ar-going to celebrate. We are going to take a cruise in the little ship you have painted. Come, get your hats on, and we'll all go together to have a regular old-fashioned celebration. Come on, Nettle: climb into a shirt waist and joins

this hilarious gang."
"But what are you going to do,
Charles?" asked Nettie.

"Neveryou mind, girl; I promised you ten years ago that we would have a glorious old time on our anniversary, and now we are going to have it, and I don't care what it costs. Tin weddings don't come every day, and I guesa we can afford to spread a little bit."

Nettie obeyed the summons, and in a few moments the whole party were on the street and headed for the corner. As they walked along the sidewalk Charles took Nettie lovingly by the arm and whispered to her: "When we have been married 20 years we'll take a cruise in our yacht and we'll go round the world, won't we?"
"That will be lovely," said Nettle.

"And it will be lovely, too."
Presently they arrived at the drug Presently they arrived at the drug store and all trailed in. Throwing a half dollar on the counter Charles swelled himself up to his full height and commanded: "Give us four icecream sodas.

And thus, in the gloaming, as it were, passed the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Charles and Nettie. And marriage of Charles and Nettle. Asset the mon kept on shining, and back in the solitude of the flat, when the two little curly heads were reposing on their pillows, and Charles and Nettle had gone out again to get the air on the porch, there seemed to be nothing They sat silently for a long to say. They sat silently for a los time and finally Charles remarked: wonder what will happen in the next ten years?"

"I wonder, too," said Nettle.—Chi-cago Daily Record.

NO MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Was "Mere Impertinent Noise."

Many distinguished men have been totally deficient in the sense of music. In the world of literature, where it might have been expected that an ap-preciation of music would coexist with a sense of rhythm in language, this de-ficiency is especially noticeable. Many literary men have been unmusical.

Swift cared nothing for music. Dr. Johnson was altogether insensible to it. At an evening party, on hearing it said, in praise of a musical performance, that it was in any case difficult, the great man blurted out: "Sir, I wish it had been impossible." Sir Walter Scott, while he had a mar-

velous ear for verse and rhythm, had no velous ear for verse and rhythm, had no ear for music. In his autobiography he tells us that it was only after long practice that he acquired the power of even distinguishing melodies. In the "Life of John Sterling," Carlyle says that "all music was mere impertinent noise to him," and the same might probably be said of the sage of Chelsea himself.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the greatest tury, is another instance of a man of rare ability in whom the musical fac-ulty did not exist. "I simply cannot conceive," he writes, with reference to music, "what to others is a keen source of pleasure; there is no link by which my mind can attach is to itself; I can my mind can attach is to itself; I can
no more remedy it than some other
men could enter into the deep delight
with which I look at wood anemones
or wood sorrel." "Wild flowers," he
used to say, "are my music."

The writings of Dean Stanley are remarkable for the sustained rhythm of
the sentences, wat in the sense of my

the sentences, yet, in the sense of mu-sic, he was as deficient as in the sense of smell. Archbishop Tait, the greatest archbishop of Canterbury, since the latitudinarian Tillotson, was, like his friend Stanley, totally deficient in any knowledge or appreciation of music, whether vocal or instrumental. It was, therefore, a matter of much amusement to himself and his friends when he was invited by the prince of Wales to be a speaker at the great meeting in St. James' palace to inaugurate the Royal College of Music. The speech, however, in which he classed himself with "certain unfortunate people who are deaf to music," is said to have been a marked success, notwithstanding that on entering the hall he whispered to a friend that he never in his life felt so entirely at a loss.—Pittsburgh News.

Popular System of Weights. "What! 15 ounces make one pound? I alway thought it was 16."
"Not in our shop, ma'ers it and never!"—Tit-Bits.